

THEATRE DOME FALLS ON AN AUDIENCE.

Enormous Cap of the Robinson Opera House Crashes Down on Human Heads Without Warning and Three Persons Have Been Killed.

"DANGERS OF A GREAT CITY" THE PLAY.

Debris Buried the People in Parquet, and at a Late Hour Seventy Wounded Had Been Taken Out by the Frantic Rescuers.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 15.—A theatre horror almost equal any recorded in this country or Europe, was witnessed to-night at 8:50 o'clock, when the immense dome of the Robinson Opera House crashed down on the heads of a large audience.

Three people are known to have been killed, and scores were injured. At 11 o'clock sixty-five or seventy of the injured, some frightfully mangled and crushed, and three dead, had been taken out of the ruins by the firemen and volunteer rescuers.

From the outside the shrieks of the hurt and dying could be plainly heard by the agonized thousands outside, most of whom had friends inside.

The "irony of fate" was never better exemplified than by this frightful accident. When the people entered the lobby of the opera house, which is at Ninth and Plum streets, to-night, they were confronted by two large posters, side by side, each printed in flaming red ink: "Dangers of a Great City" and "Under the Great Dome." The first was the name of the play billed for the night, and the latter play was in preparation for next week.

"Dangers of a Great City" is full of startling incidents. The audience was keyed up to a high pitch. At the opening of the second act the house was still for a moment as the audience waited to see what the villain was about to do next.

Down Comes the Dome. Suddenly there was a crash, and the whole dome of the big theatre fell in upon the audience. The big bell-shaped thing crashed down into the middle of the parquet, burying a large number of people beneath it.

Heavy scantlings and timbers fell outward in all directions upon the people in the parquet, balcony and gallery.

The crash was heard for several squares and above the din was heard the cries of the frantic people, some held fast by timbers and others seeking to get out. In the lobby they piled in one mass, tumbling over each other out to the doors and down the steps.

The Central police station is but a square away and soon a squad of officers was on the scene and patrols were summoned.

Then began the work of rescue. In a

short time one dead man was taken out. He was followed by two women, who died at the City Hospital.

The Dead.
LUCY COHEN.
MRS. GEO. KLEEMAN.
Unknown man.

The Injured.

MARY SCUDDER, compound fracture of the jaw.
MRS. ARCH. L. SCUDDER, Cincinnati.
PEARL HALL, scalp wound and right arm fractured.
ELLA MOORMAN, chest crushed.
SIDNEY LONG, injured internally.
SAM ROSENBLUM, newsboy, head cut.
WILLIAM MOTEN, leg crushed.
FRED JENKS, scalp wound and body badly bruised.
ABRAHAM GOLDMAN, fractured rib and scalp wound.
ALBERT WEISS, internal injuries.
JACOB WYLLIE, foot fractured.
CLINT STEEL, Newtown, Ohio, back injured.
THOMAS WYLLIE, broken rib.
JOHN WYLLIE, Dayton, Ky.
MRS. M. J. McCABE, cut and bruised.
EMILIA WYLLIE, scalp wound.
KATE WHITE, fractured arm.
MARY HAAS, compound fracture left leg.
MARY PANHEAD, Covington, Ky.; scalp wounds.
JOHN ALLGOT, head cut and arm injured.
DEBRA ALLOPHER and her children, Joseph and John, all badly injured.

The police did heroic work. The patrols hurried to the hospital with the badly injured, while many were cared for at drug stores or houses in the vicinity.

One unknown man was taken out of the balcony dead. It is said that those in the balcony had an intimation of the disaster. There was a crackling of the ceiling before the dome fell, which caused the most of the occupants of the gallery to get to safety.

Mrs. Isaac Cohen was taken from under a beam and died at the hospital. Her husband is doorkeeper at Peck & Avery's Museum.

Samuel Rosenblum will die.

After the accident dense crowds gathered about the theatre, Central police station and the different hospitals. Archbishop Elder and Father MacKey, of the Cathedral, went to the City Hospital to minister to the wounded and dying. The opera house is owned by the estate of John Robinson, the circus man. The damage will probably not be over \$5,000. At 11:20 it is reported that two more people have died at the hospital. The building was an old one. It was but a few years ago that nine people were killed at the theatre during a fire.

THORN TRIAL POSTPONED.

His Counsel Secured It on the Ground that a Witness Was Expected from Germany.

In accordance with the notice served on the Queens County authorities last Thursday afternoon, William F. Howe, counsel for Martin Thorn, the alleged murderer of William Guldensuppe, appeared before Supreme Court Justice Wilmut M. Smith at the County Court house in Long Island City yesterday morning and pleaded for a postponement of the trial until a witness arrived here from Germany. In spite of District Attorney Youngs' protest, Mr. Howe's request was granted, and the date of the trial fixed definitely for November 8 instead of October 18 as originally scheduled.

"Your Honor," said Lawyer Howe, after reading his affidavit, "I appeal to your conscience and sense of justice rather than a strict interpretation of the statute. I confess that there is a weakness about my application, but during my experience of thirty years as a criminal lawyer, I have never before felt more confident of a client's innocence than in the case of Thorn."

Continuing, Mr. Howe said that the prisoner, Thorn, was born in Hamburg, Germany. He had been informed by a certain newspaper that one Julius Peterson, who, in youth, was an associate of Guldensuppe, would arrive in this country shortly.

"He is one of the most essential witnesses in this case, and we are satisfied that his testimony will convince Your Honor and the jury that the headless body found was that of Guldensuppe, but of another. We will move by Peterson and another that Guldensuppe was in Hamburg in August, after the alleged murder, and that Peterson conversed with him for some time."

"Peterson kept up a friendly correspondence with Guldensuppe after the latter came to this country and we will show that on the day Guldensuppe was reported to have been butchered at Woodside, he was on an ocean liner bound for Germany."

ENGLISH EXPERT COMING.

But He Will Only Meet United States and Canadian Sealing Delegates in Conference.

London, Oct. 15.—The British Foreign Office to-day intimated to the United States Ambassador Colonel John Hay, that a meeting of sealing experts of Great Britain, Canada and the United States will be held at the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury.

It is learned that Professor Darcy Thompson, the seal expert of the British Foreign Office, starts for the United States immediately.

A "stead" Mare's Nest. The Review of Reviews says that Editor W. T. Stead, while in Washington recently, discovered that unless the seal question is speedily settled, the United States Government will order the destruction next season of the entire herd of seals on the whole of the Pribiloff Islands.

Origin of Stead's Story. Washington, Oct. 15.—The discovery made by Editor Stead of the intention of the United States in the event of failure to reach an agreement for the further protection of the seals to destroy all of them on the Pribiloff Islands, is supposed at the State Department to have been based on the debates in Congress last year, and on the fact that Representative Dingler submitted a bill to that end.

ACTRESS CRAZE ON A RAILWAY TRAIN OVER GRIEF FOR HER LOST LOVE.

Lillian Lawrence Becomes Suddenly Violent on Her Way Home. SHE WORE MANY JEWELS.



Lillian Lawrence, the Actress, Who Became Insane.

She was on her way to this city from Saratoga, where she had been slugging with an opera company, when she suddenly became violent. She had to be restrained by the trainmen. The young woman wore many costly jewels. A cabman took her from the Grand Central Station to the West Thirtieth street police station, whence she was sent to Bellevue Hospital. Grief for her dead husband is said to be the cause of her mental trouble. In one of her pockets was found a crumpled letter from her mother.

said that she was trying to find a man who had promised to marry her.

"He is on the train," she said, "and will make me his wife as soon as I can get a minister."

So violent did the woman become that the train hands were called to quiet her. When the train reached the Grand Central Station the station agents were told to keep a watch on her. For some time she wandered about the station, carrying a valise with her. Then she called a cab. "Take me to No. 220 Bedford avenue," she ordered.

The cab had not gone a block when the door was thrown open and the young woman sprang to the street. She was wildly excited by this time, and the driver, finding that he had a mad woman to deal with, got her into the cab again and drove to the West Thirtieth street police station. From there she was taken to Bellevue Hospital, arriving there after midnight Wednesday.

The woman was well dressed. On her fingers she wore several diamond rings and a handsome necklace encircled her neck. She could only tell her and her father's name when questioned to the hospital, and it was with difficulty that her identity was proved. Her father, Maurice Bernas, is a tobaccoist, doing business at No. 347 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn. When he was told of his daughter's plight he went to the hospital, but found that it would be unwise to remove her at the time. It was therefore thought best to allow her to remain at the hospital till to-day, when she will be taken to her home.

"My daughter certainly has not had any love affair," said the father. "She has always wanted to be independent, and since her husband's death has been trying to find something by which she could earn her own living. She had a small amount of money left her by her husband, and when this was gone, several months ago, she refused to see her father, saying that she would not be a dependent upon any one. I think she is temporarily insane over her disappointment at not being able to earn her own living. She is a proud girl and sensitive, but as soon as we can get her to her home she will be all right."

NO BAR FOR YOUNG LOGAN

Mayor Harrison Says "Refreshments" Can't Be Sold at the Horse Show.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Mayor Carter H. Harrison to-day declared with emphasis that John A. Logan cannot have a "buffet" in the Coliseum during the coming horse show. Mr. Logan is secretary of the Bit and Spur Club, under whose auspices the show is to be held, and had announced that liquor would be served to club members during the show. A blind pig is a blind pig, whether it wears a dress suit or an apron. They are all the same in the eyes of the law.

When it was suggested to the Mayor that the membership included many of the "very best," Mayor Harrison replied: "It makes no difference whether they are hyphenated or three-ply names or whether they are white at all. In this instance one name is as good as another. If the law is violated the offender will be called to account in the usual way."

SLEUTHS IN A NEW ROLE.

New York Detectives Become Members of a Thieving Band at Coney Island and Make Arrests.

Detectives Meehan and Reed, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, invaded Coney Island last night. They had a warrant, issued by Magistrate Wentworth, became members of a gang of organized New York thieves, with headquarters at the seaside, unearched the fence where the unholly band were in the habit of securing the booty and arrested several members of the conspiracy.

There were three of the gang in custody when the detectives arrived. They had letters which introduced them as new members of the thieving combine. Charles Gladstein fell into the trap set for him by the Lackerwitz, who formerly lived at No. 106 Eldridge street, this city.

On the night of September 24 the store of Henry Ketter, No. 2238 Third avenue, was robbed of jewelry valued at \$600. Lackerwitz was arrested. He confessed, but claimed he was only one of several interested. He agreed that he would secure the detectives membership in the gang.

The officers went to Gladstein's place, and he introduced them to his new friends, as Lackerwitz had said they would. The officers next went to Buschman's Walk, where they found George Gilbert and Theodore Ross, who are thought to be accomplices of Gladstein.

WARDEN LOST ALL THREE

He Tried to Take Alleged Pickpockets Back to Jail from Court, but They Are Still at Liberty.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 15.—Three alleged pickpockets, who were arrested during the convention of the State treasurers, made a daring escape from Jail Warden Boland this morning, and are still at liberty. They had been taken to court from the jail for a habeas corpus hearing, and were re-committed in default of bail. Warden Boland undertook to take them back to jail alone. Lawrence Sullivan and Henry Evans were handcuffed together, and David Sullivan walked beside the warden.

At the point where a railroad crosses the street and leads to a number of mills and lumber yards, Evans and Lawrence Sullivan slipped off their handcuffs and darted away in opposite directions. Boland pursued Evans, who, however, gained on him rapidly. Boland drew his revolver and fired five times, but none of the shots took effect and Evans escaped.

Lawrence Sullivan meanwhile had been pursued by some men who witnessed the flight, but he came upon a bicycle left standing on the curb by its owner, and mounting it, was soon out of sight. No attention was paid to David Sullivan in the excitement, and he evidently quietly walked away.

Boland has offered \$100 reward for each man. They are supposed to be from New York, and reaped a rich harvest during the convention. They were packing up to depart when their landlady heard one of them say: "That was a slick job, getting that watch." She notified the police, and over a dozen stolen watches were found in the men's possession.

O'BRIEN ON THE STAND.

Former Detective Chief Gives Evidence Against Beresheim, the Boy Murderer.

The trial of the boy, Jacob Beresheim, for the murder of William Krauel, a restaurant keeper at No. 1552 Second avenue, on November 10, 1895, was resumed yesterday before Recorder Goff.

The police are the chief witnesses against the boy, and Detective Ready swore that Beresheim had confessed to the murder at Police Headquarters. The defense is being conducted by Police Commissioner Moss, who contends that the boy never made a confession.

Police Captain O'Brien was the first witness called. He testified that Beresheim had made a confession to him at Police Headquarters. In substance the confession was that Krauel had attempted to assault him and he had picked up a hatchet and struck him on the head, rendering him unconscious. Then he took a butcher knife and cut Krauel's throat, after which he escaped.

The case was adjourned till Monday.

A WOMAN SAW HIS BLOODY HANDS.

Sensational Testimony at the Inquest Damaging to Detective Moore.

WATCHED AT A WINDOW.

Mrs. Mabel Tilton Says She Is Sure the Man Was the Suspected Wife Killer.

THEORY OF SUICIDE SHAKEN.

Coroner's Physician Donlin Gives Testimony to Show That the Deadly Wound Could Not Have Been Self-Inflicted.

For seven tedious hours, in an atmosphere that was so stifling as to cause the temporary retirement of one juror, whose prostration was complete, Emanuel Friend and his partner, Frederick House, labored yesterday, in the Coroner's Court in the Criminal Court Building, to clear away the clouds of suspicion that have been hanging over their client, Detective William Moore, Jr., who is under arrest, charged with having contributed to the death of his wife, Mary, who was found dead in their apartment at No. 638 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, on Wednesday of last week.

The woman was found dead by her father-in-law upon his return from an errand, upon which he had gone at her request. Despite the fact that the police were duly notified by neighbors, and a physician had been called, who assisted in carrying the body from the kitchen of the flat to a front bedroom, it was only when all arrangements had been completed for the funeral and the dead woman was about to be borne to the cemetery, that the Coroner's Office, which had meanwhile been notified by an anonymous communication, opportunistically stepped in and proved beyond doubt by an autopsy that murder had been done.

The Journal's Aid.

The arrest of Detective Moore's aged father on suspicion of having committed the crime followed the next day, and within forty-eight hours, upon information gathered by Journal reporters and lodged with

Police Captain Devery, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, the inquest was also placed in custody, charged with complicity.

At the inquest yesterday the old man, who is almost directly in the rear of the Moore apartments, caused the sensation of the day by swearing with all positiveness that she had seen a man in Moore's room about 1 o'clock on the fatal Wednesday, who twice came to the window of the kitchen, where the murdered woman was found, and only in his underclothing. Once he was seen by her to raise his left hand high above the head and move away. His hand appeared to be stained with what looked like a reddish fluid—like blood.

A second time he approached the window, and on this occasion raised both hands above his head, and again looked down at an argument with an unseen intruder; glanced nervously in the direction of Mrs. Tilton, who stood beside the window, which had been half open, and swiftly jerked down the shade, preventing her further observation. Mrs. Tilton said she had never known Detective Moore, and had never previously observed the same man in the same apartments, and from descriptions of Moore furnished by the neighbors after the murder, she said she was sure that the two were one.

Suicide Theory Shaken. Counselor Friend tried hard to shake the testimony of the mild mannered, sweet voiced little woman. He only succeeded in drawing from her a statement in effect that while she believed she had seen Moore as stated previously, she might be mistaken, and the little attorney smiled triumphantly.

All the witnesses were carefully examined as to the finding of a broad hall and some of them recollected anything relating to the finding of such a weapon or the utterance of any remark that would lead to the impression that anything unusual had contributed to Mrs. Moore's death. The first they were aware that the woman's death had been due to any but natural causes was when Coroner's Physician Donlin arrived yesterday, ordered the funeral postponed until an autopsy should be done, and for the first time displayed the knife with which she was supposed to have been killed, and which the elder Moore had given him.

Half a dozen Central Office detectives, friends of the prisoner, were on hand early in the day to lend sympathy and support, and incidentally to aid him in proving the child by which he hopes to show that he never left his Wall Street post for a moment on the day of the murder.

The object of the examination of witnesses, as carried on by Counselor Friend, was plainly to show that death was due to suicide. But the testimony of Coroner's Physician Donlin was intended to weaken this theory by the following averments: That great physical force was necessary to inflict the wound that caused death; that the woman, in her debilitated condition, could not herself have inflicted the wound, seated in the chair, as she was found by her father; that the stab could have been made only by her own hand after the manner of impalement, or by her falling upon the bed, or by accident. In the latter case, if the woman had fallen, it would have been impossible for her to reach the chair and settle herself to the position in which she was found. There still has a further hearing before the Coroner next Monday.

Domestic Heroines.

[NOTE FROM MRS. PINKHAM'S DIARY.]

THE real heroines of every day are in our homes. Frequently, however, it is a mistaken and useless heroism.

Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women. What a mistake! For proof read this:

"I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live. I had falling of the womb and leucorrhoea, and thought I was going into consumption. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. I was not able to do my work. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me but failed. I had given up when I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I have been doing my work ever since for a large family. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—Mrs. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

If you are ill and need counsel you can secure advice from Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience without cost. Write to her at Lynn, Mass., and tell her the whole truth; you can talk freely to a woman.

The following is the experience of Mrs. Meier in her own words:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to inform you of the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I have suffered for two years, and have spent over one hundred dollars for doctors. There was not a week passed without my doctor being called to my bedside. He said I had falling of the womb, and that I must wear a rubber ring. I wore it six months, but I still had those terrible bearing-down pains, and pains in my back and side. Menstruations were so painful that I was compelled to take to my bed. I have taken four bottles of your medicine, and am cured of all those pains. I never felt better in my life than I do now. I would recommend it to all who suffer from female weakness or womb trouble. To all suffering women I would say, "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will not only save dollars, but restore you to perfect health."—Mrs. C. E. MEIER, Jacksonboro, Ohio.

